

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 10  
APRIL



10¢

MAD



...Another drink and with chalk in hand, the vagabond began To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man. Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head, With fearful shriek, he leaped and fell across the picture-dead.

-FROM  
THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR



YOU TOO CAN LEAP AND FALL ACROSS THIS COMIC BOOK DEAD WHEN YOU SEE **THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR** IN THIS ISSUE OF **MAD!**

H. Kurtz & Co.



# I Dreamed I Went to a Fraternity Smoker in my **PANIC MAGAZINE!**



I WAS UPLIFTED FROM THE DEPTHS OF DESPAIR BY THIS REVEALING EXPERIENCE! I LAUGHED SO HARD I ALMOST BUST THE BINDING! I WAS THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION... THE STAR. EVERYBODY WANTED TO DANCE WITH ME! I WAS RUSHED! SO BE POPULAR LIKE ME! WEAR **PANIC!** RUN DOWN AND GET INTO YOUR COPY AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND. IF YOU'RE THE SHY TYPE AND WOULD RATHER DRESS AT HOME, THEN YOU CAN SUBSCRIBE BY FILLING OUT THIS COUPON AND MAILING TO:

THE PANICKY EDITORS OF:  
**PANIC**  
ROOM 106  
225 LAFAYETTE ST.  
N.Y.C., 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME THE NEXT 8 ISSUES OF **PANIC** FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR (\$1.00)

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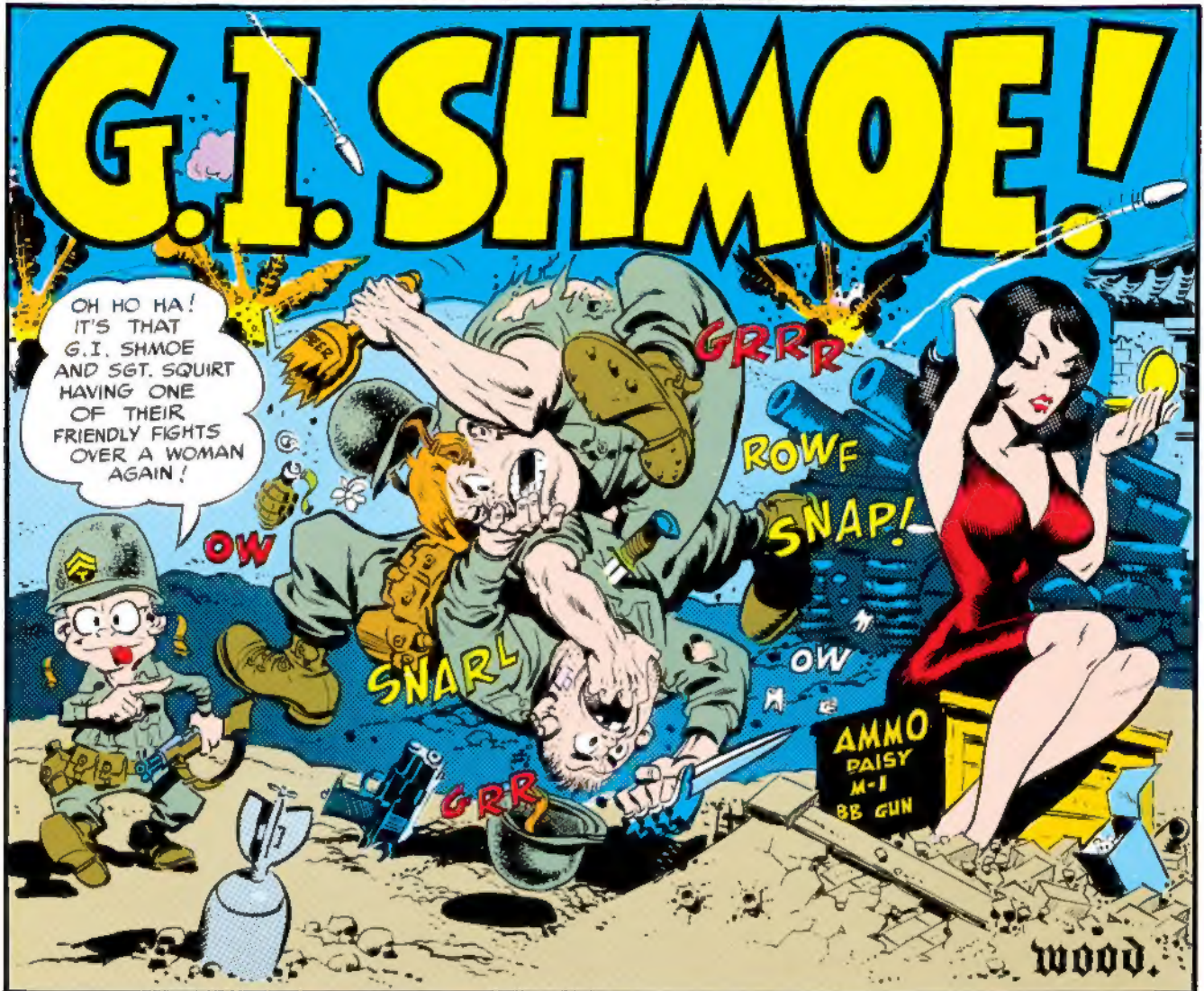
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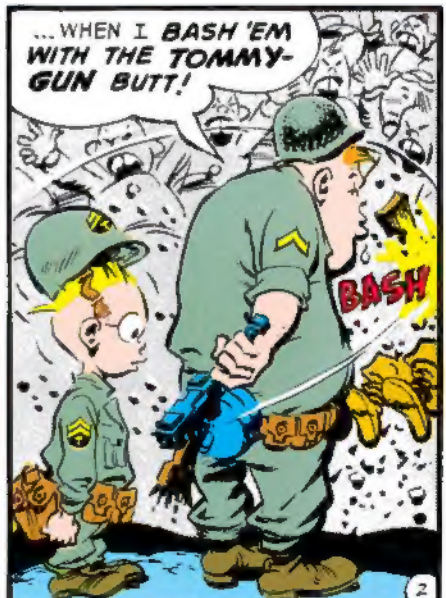
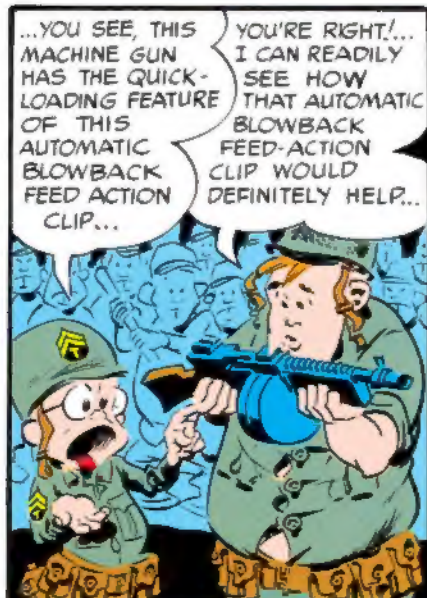
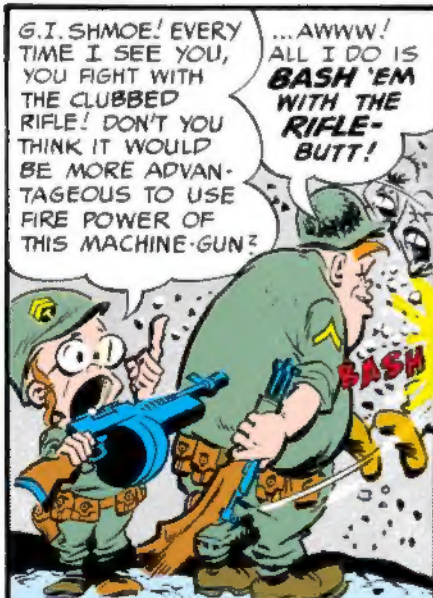
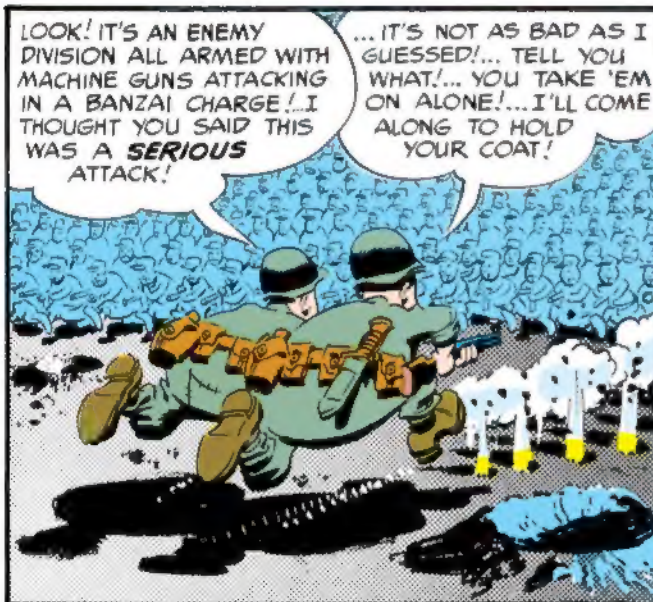
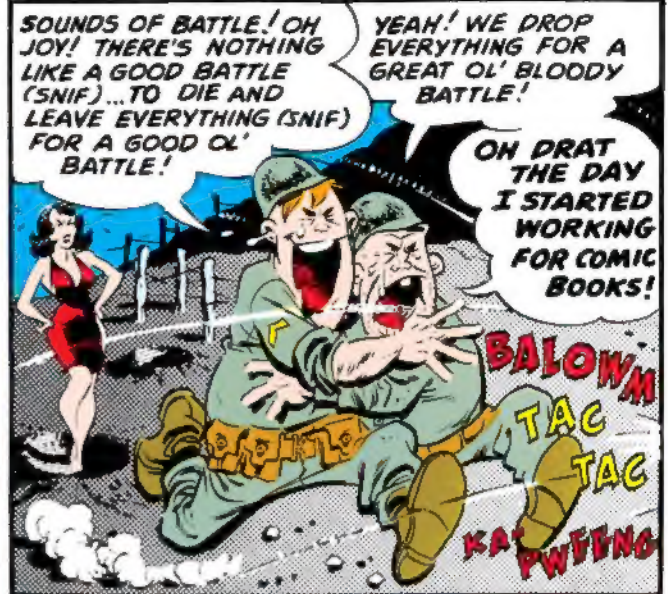
Mad, April 1954—Vol. 1, No. 10. Published Monthly by Educational Comics, Inc., at 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. William M. Gaines, Managing Editor. Harvey Kurtzman, Editor. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. Subscription, 8 issues for \$1 in the U. S. Elsewhere, \$1.25. Entire contents Copyrighted 1954 by Educational Comics, Inc. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped return envelope. No similarity between any of the characters, names or persons appearing in this magazine with any of those living or dead is intended, and any such similarity is purely coincidental. Printed in U.S.A.



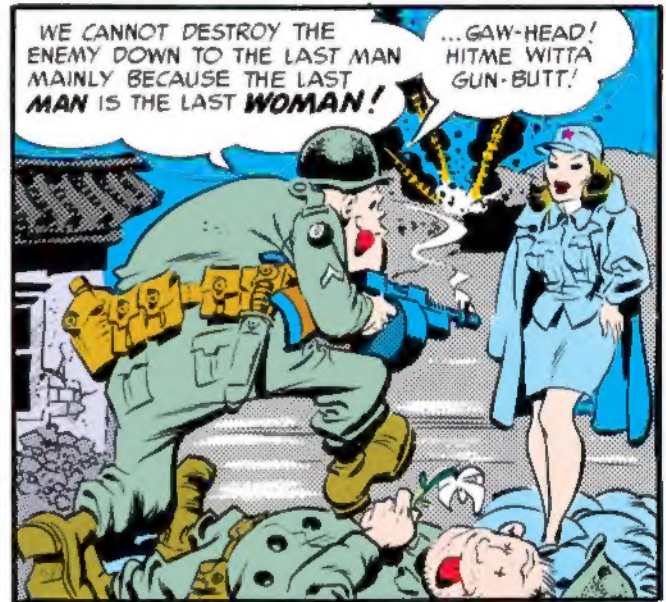
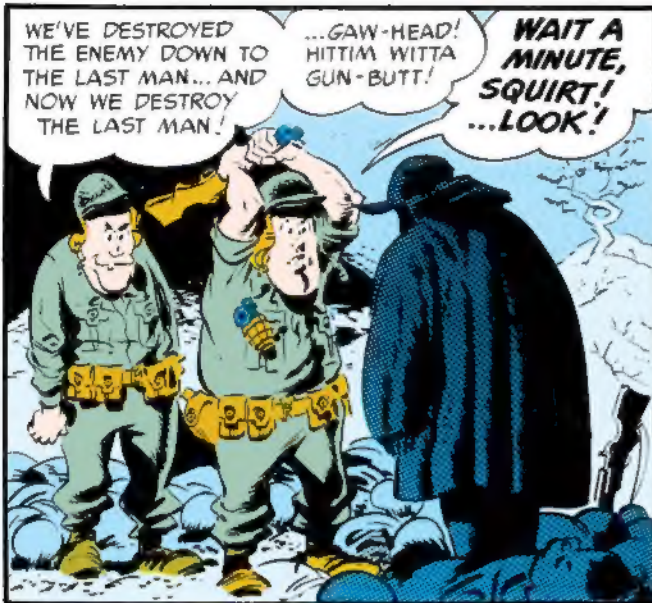
WAR COMICS DEPT.: THE TRUCE HAS BEEN SIGNED IN KOREA! FOR SOME TIME, WE HAVE BEEN ITCHING TO SINK OUR TEETH INTO ONE TYPE OF LITERATURE BORN OF THE WAR!...WE THINK THE TIME HAS COME! ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THIS STORY AND REAL WAR IS TOTALLY ACCIDENTAL!...IT IS WITH THE SINCEREST RESPECT THAT WE DEDICATE THIS LAMPOON TO YOU *REAL* SOLDIERS WHO HAVE HAD TO PUT UP WITH THE *GLAMORIZED* WAR COMICS LIKE...



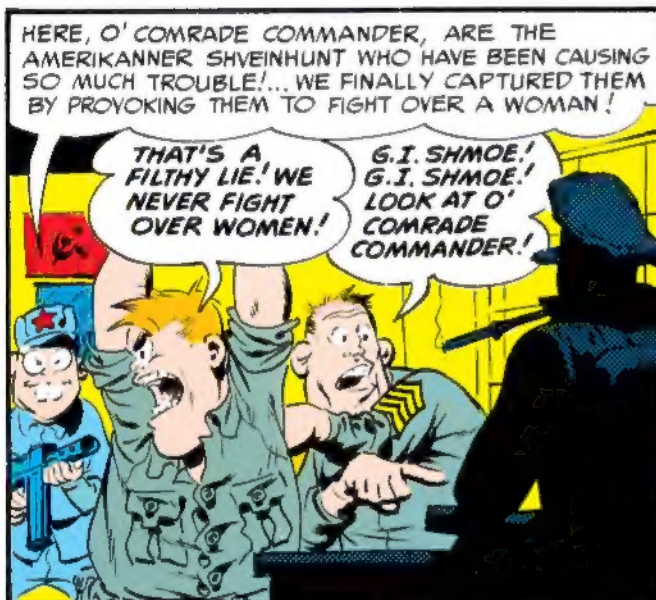
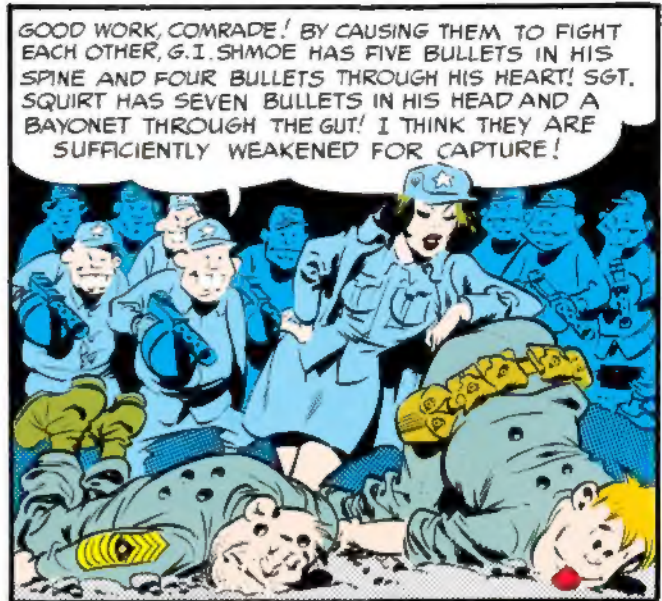
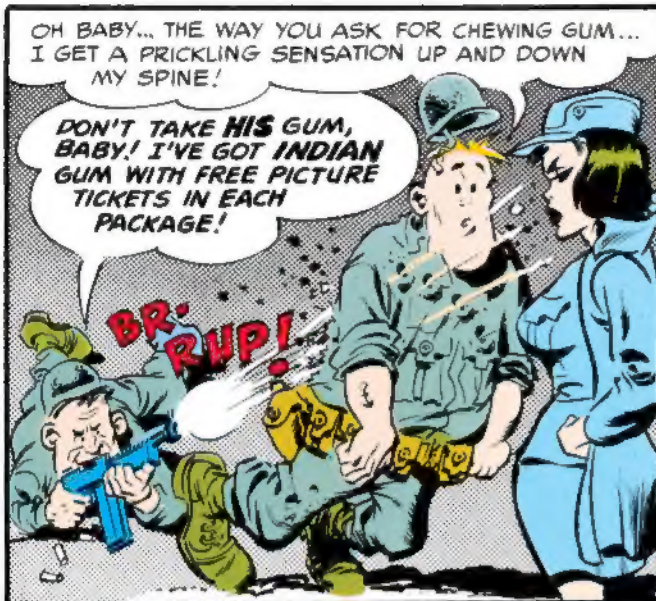




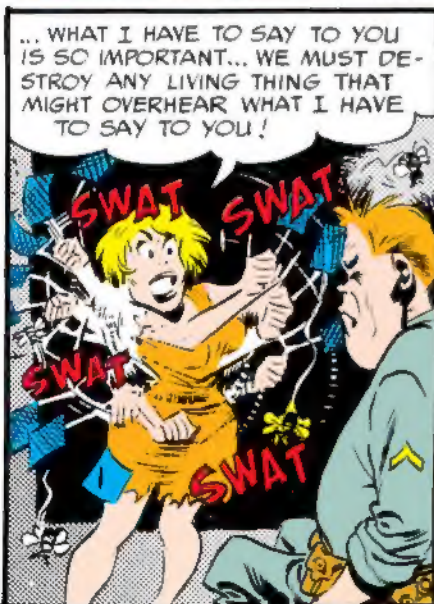
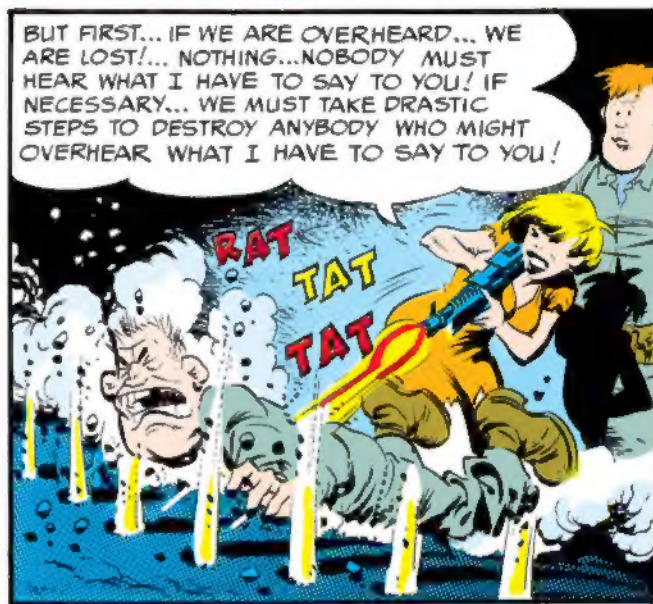
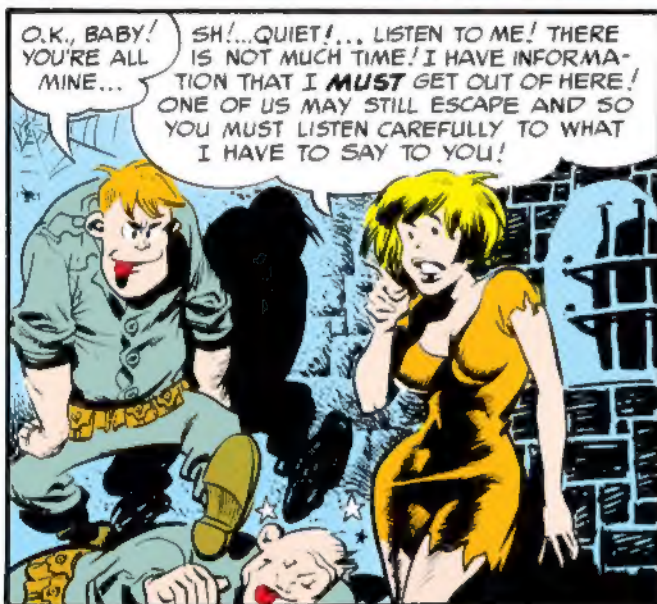
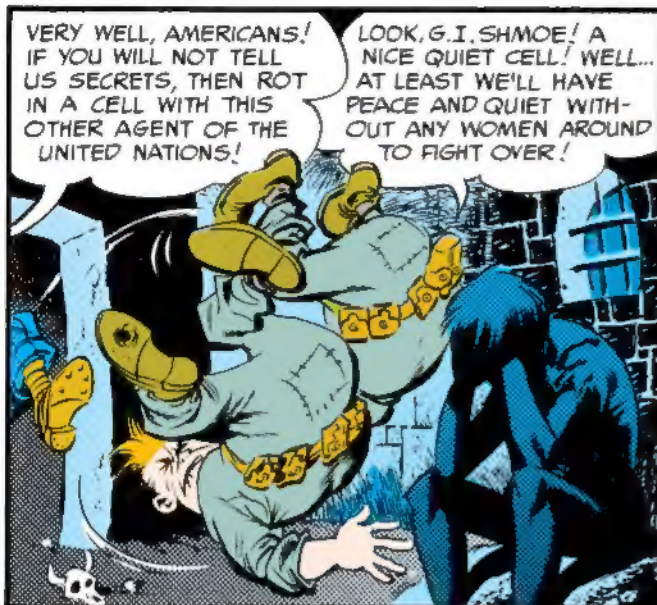




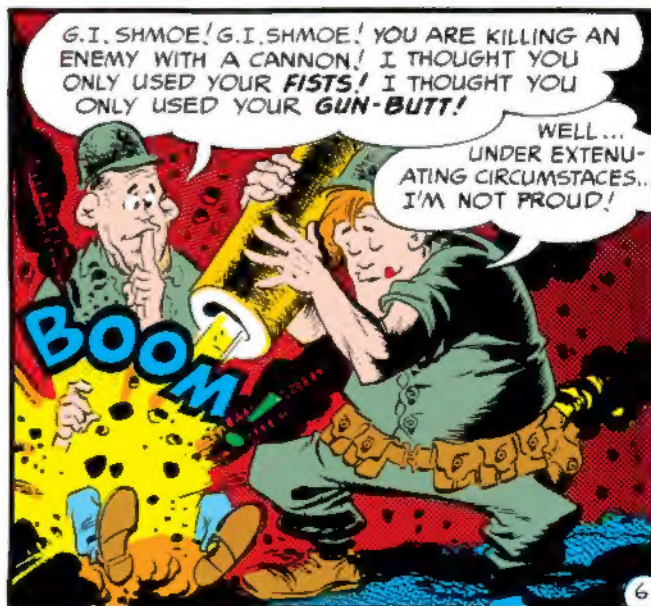
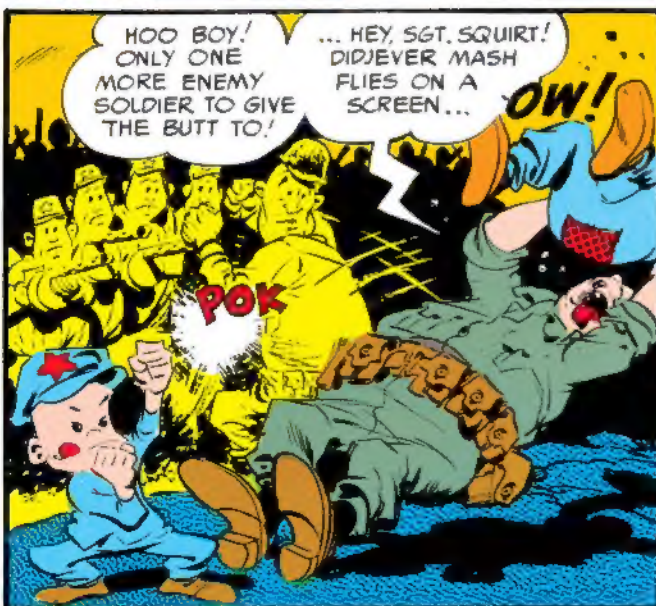




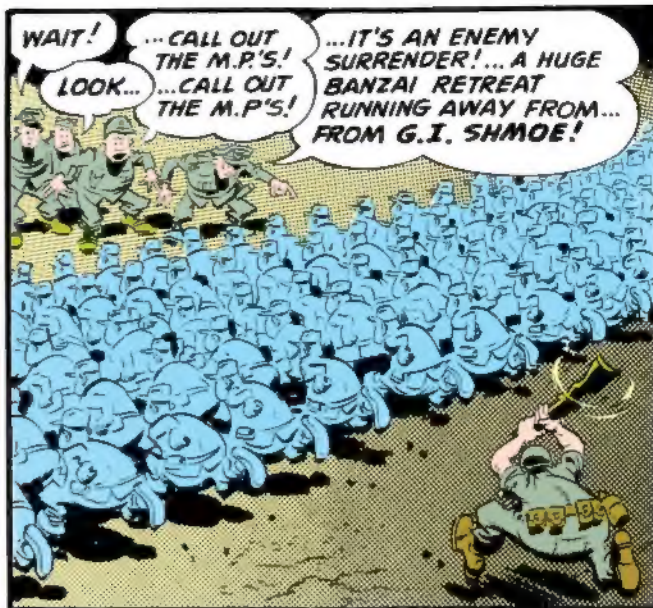




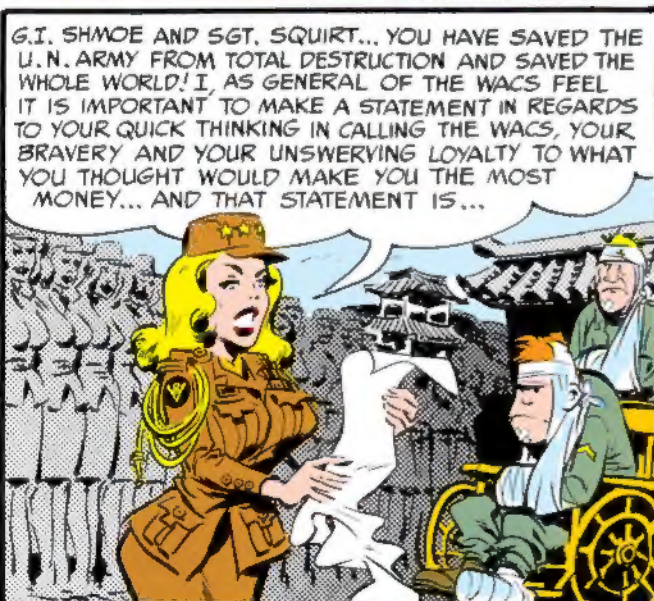














WESTERN DEPT.: ...WESTERN HOLLYWOOD, THAT IS! ...TENSION WAS RISING ON THE PLAINS! SQUATTERS... FARMERS... WERE MOVING ONTO THE UNFENCED CATTLE RANGES... PUTTING UP FENCES... PUTTING UP BARNs... PUTTING UP HOWARD JOHNSON RESTAURANTS! INTO THIS FURSLUGGINER MESS RODE A STRANGER WITH THE CRAZY NAME OF...



# SANE!!



SEVERIN

HSST! LOOKIE!  
... A STRANGER  
RIDIN' INTO THIS  
FURSLUGGINER  
MESS!

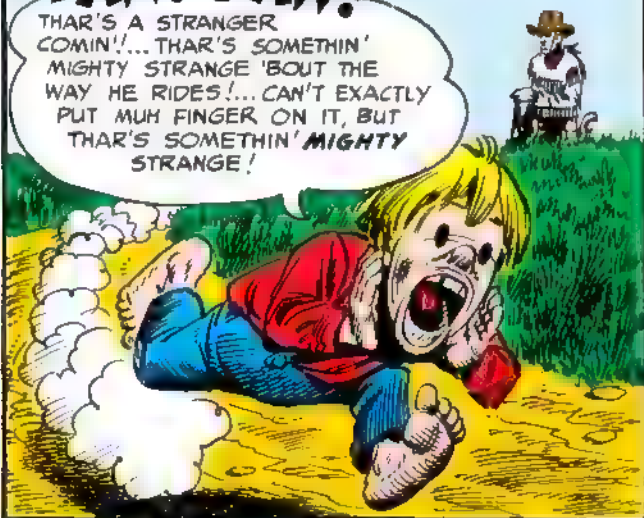
HE AIN'T  
ONE OF US  
CATTLEMEN!  
HE MUST BE  
A FARMER!  
LEMME GUN  
HIM!

... WAIT!  
THAR'S SOME-  
THING MIGHTY  
STRANGE 'BOUT  
THE WAY HE RIDES!  
... CAN'T EXACTLY PUT  
MUH FINGER ON IT,  
BUT THAR'S SOMETHIN'  
MIGHTY STRANGE! ...  
LET'S TELL THE BOSS!



**PAW! PAW!**

THAR'S A STRANGER  
COMIN'! ... THAR'S SOMETHIN'  
MIGHTY STRANGE 'BOUT THE  
WAY HE RIDES! ... CAN'T EXACTLY  
PUT MUH FINGER ON IT, BUT  
THAR'S SOMETHIN' MIGHTY  
STRANGE!

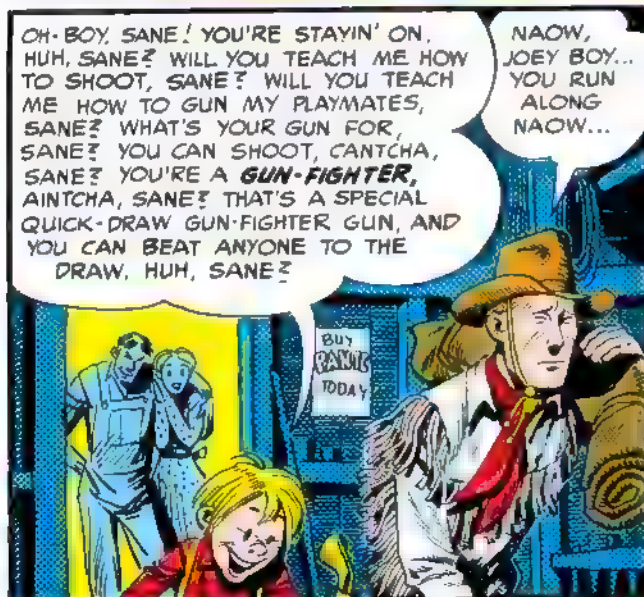
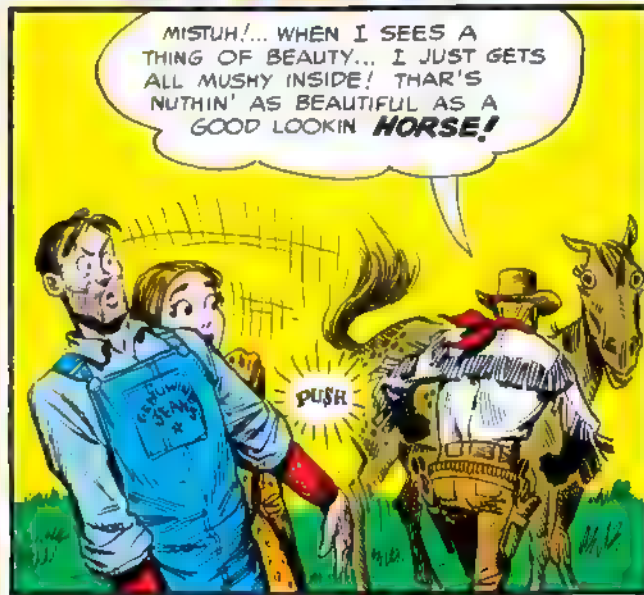
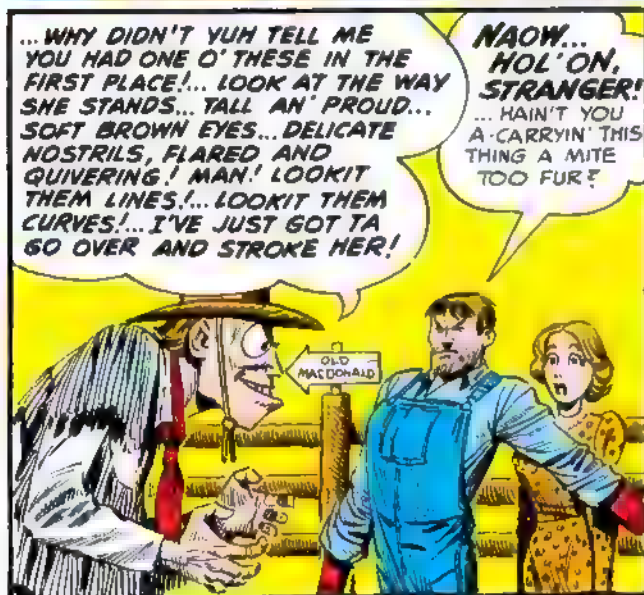


... STRANGER HALT... ONE, TWO!  
... STRANGER! THAR'S SOMETHIN' MIGHTY  
STRANGE 'BOUT THE WAY YOU RIDE!  
... CAN'T EXACTLY PUT MUH FINGER ON  
IT, BUT THAR'S SOMETHIN' MIGHTY  
STRANGE! YOU'RE PROBABLY  
WORKING FOR THE CATTLEMEN  
SO GIT OFFEN MY FARM!

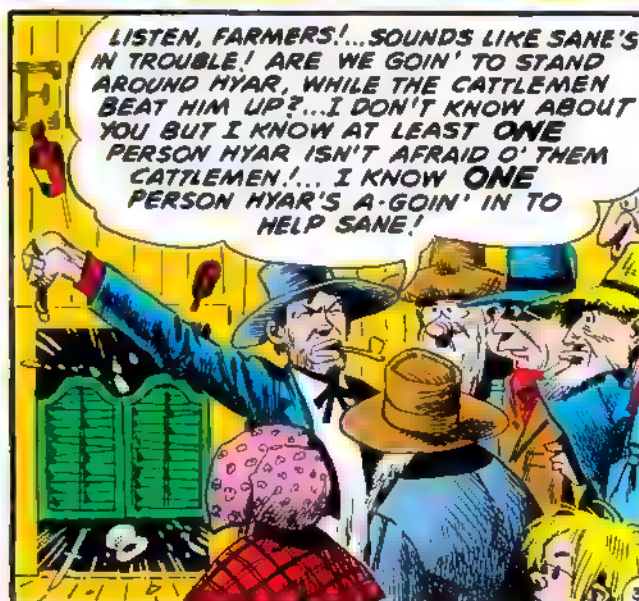
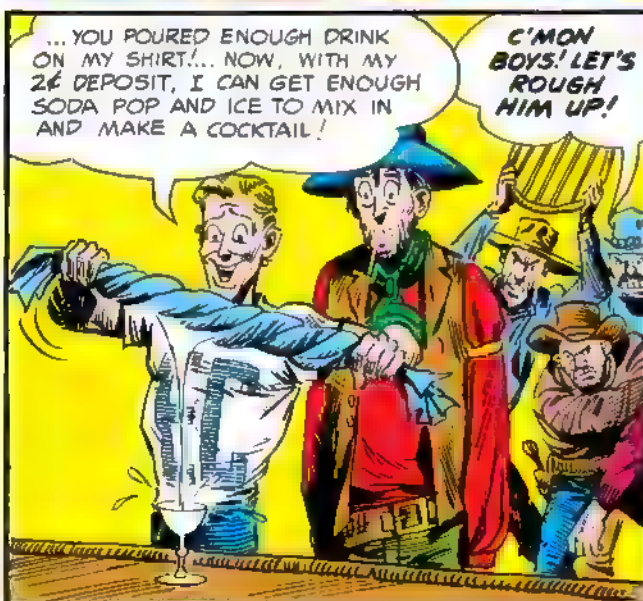
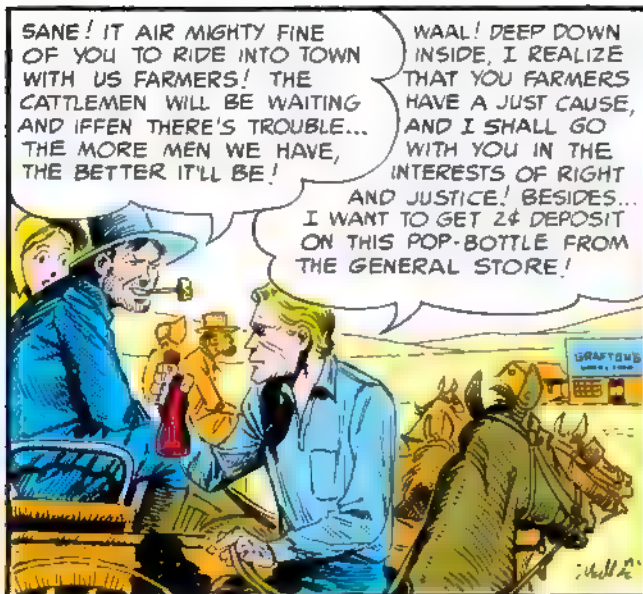
HOL' ON,  
BWAH!  
... REASON I  
RIDES THIS  
WAY IS SO'S  
NOBODY CAN  
GUN ME IN  
THE BACK...



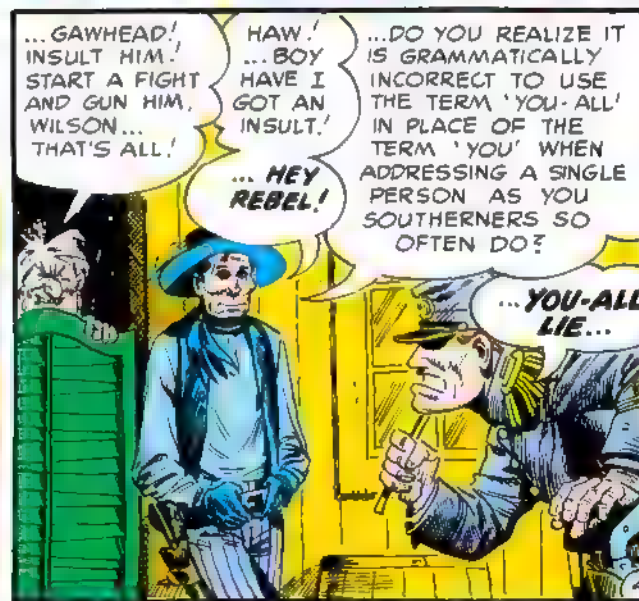
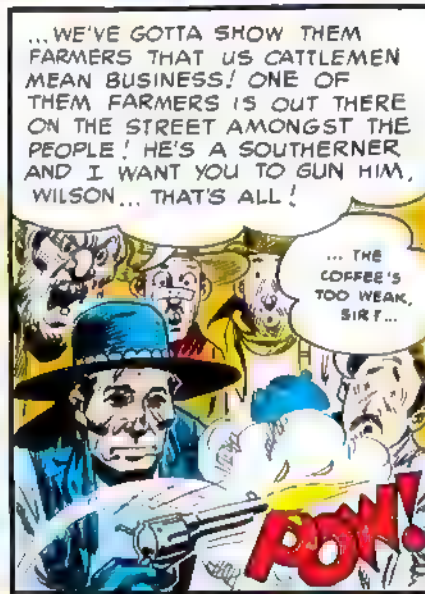
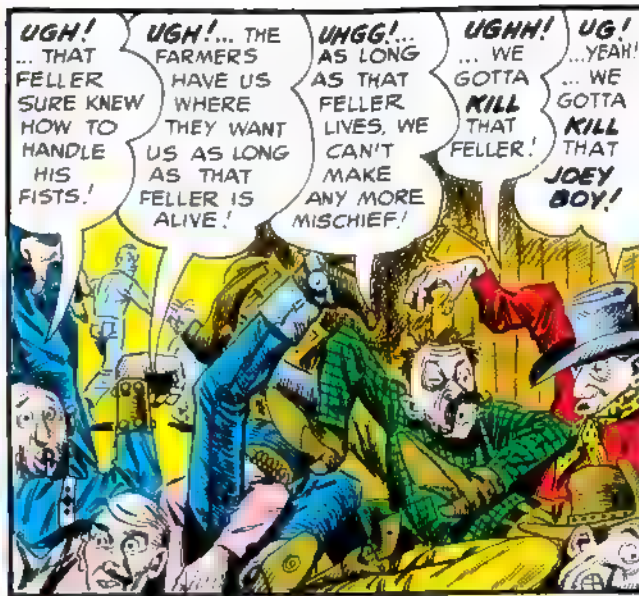
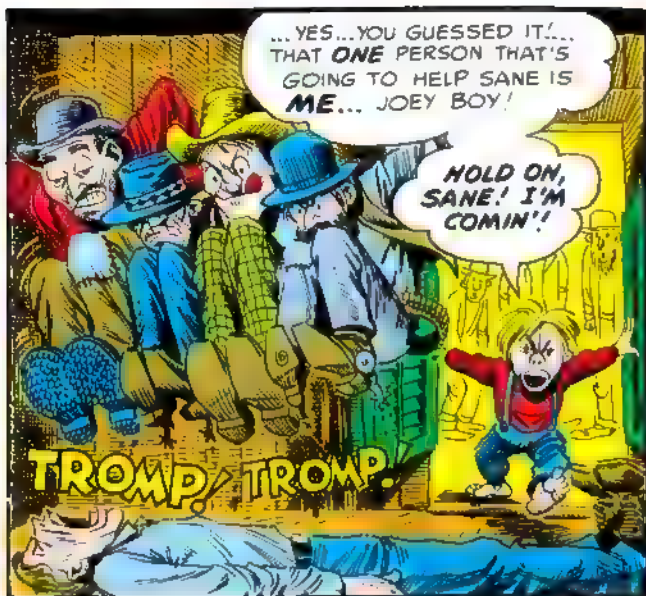




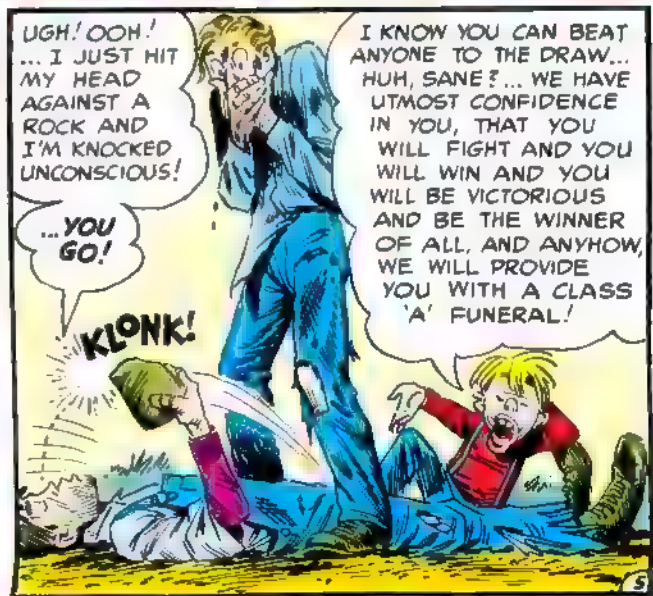
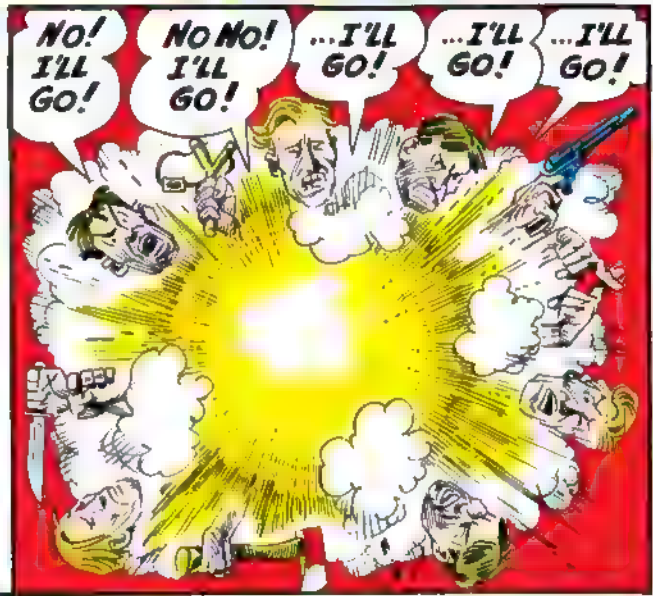
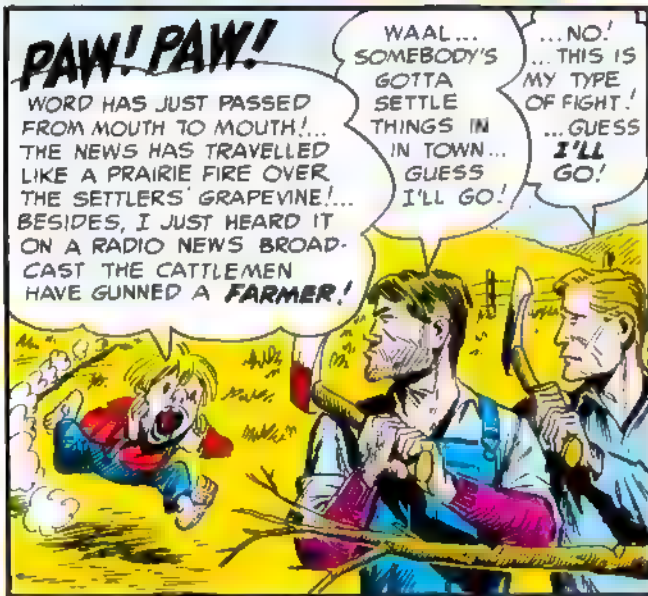
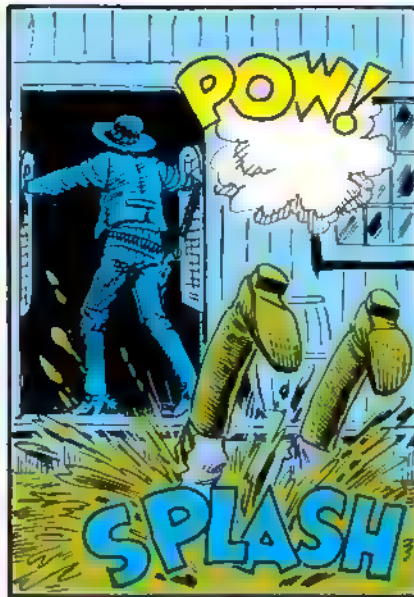
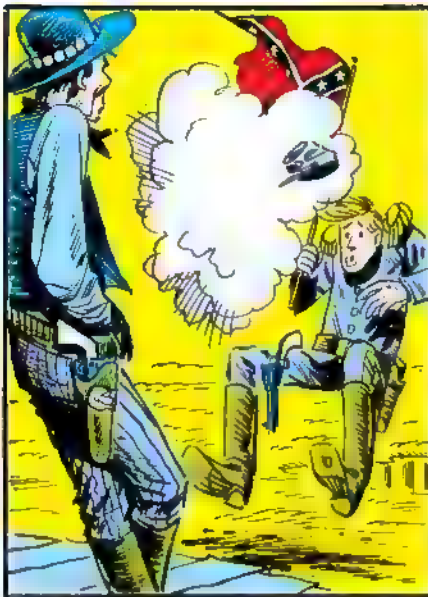




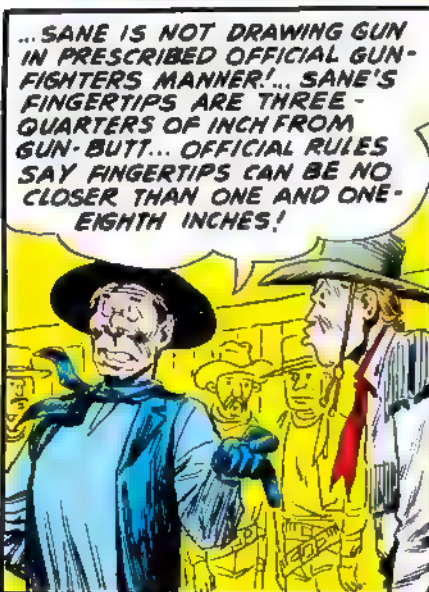
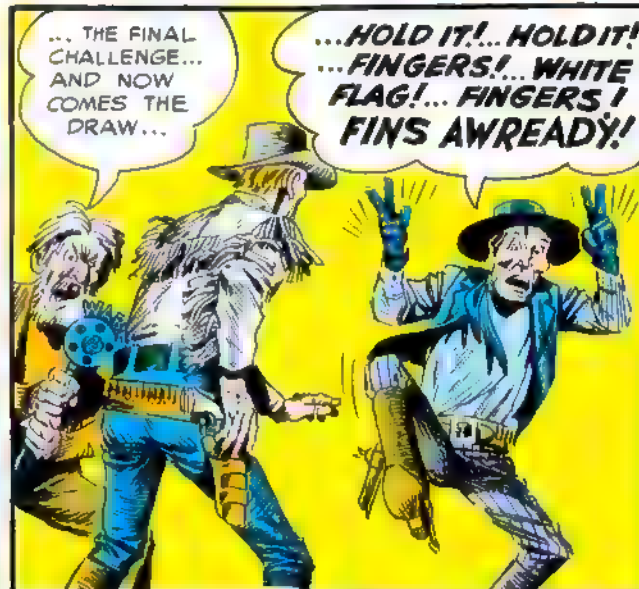
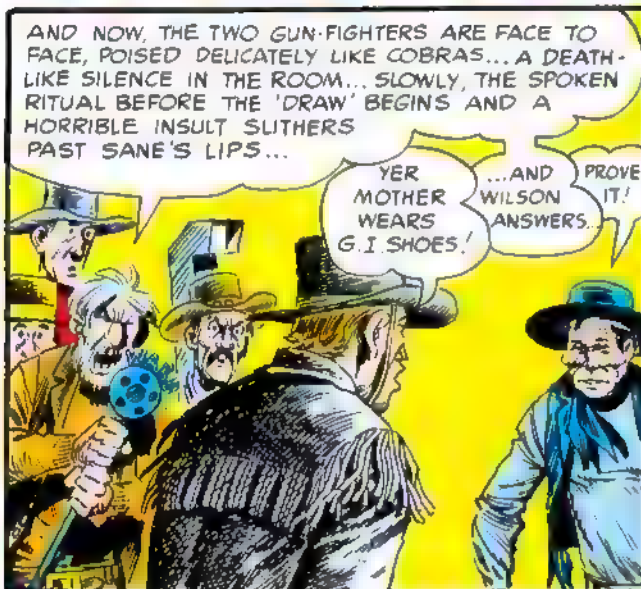




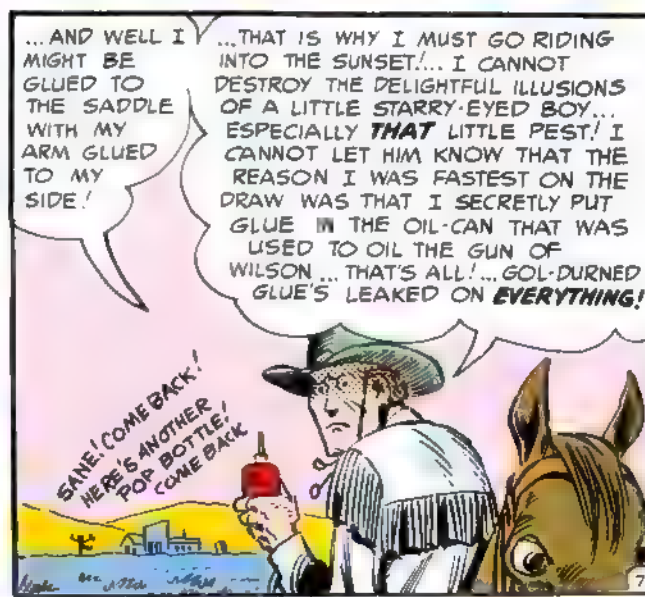
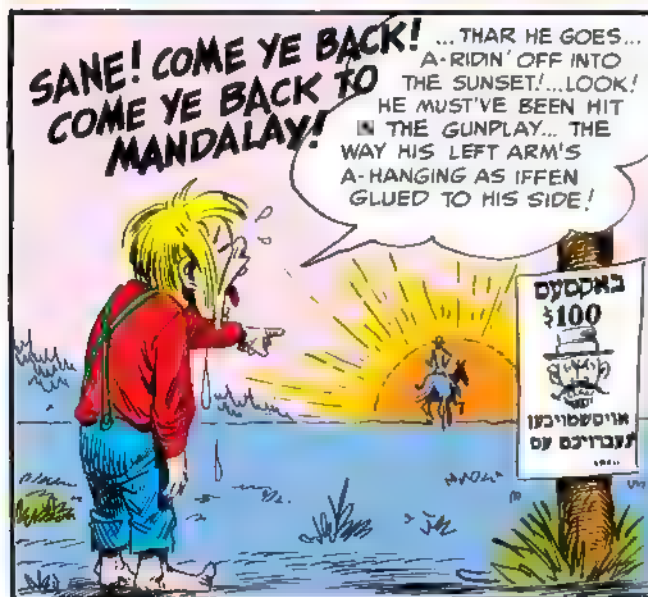
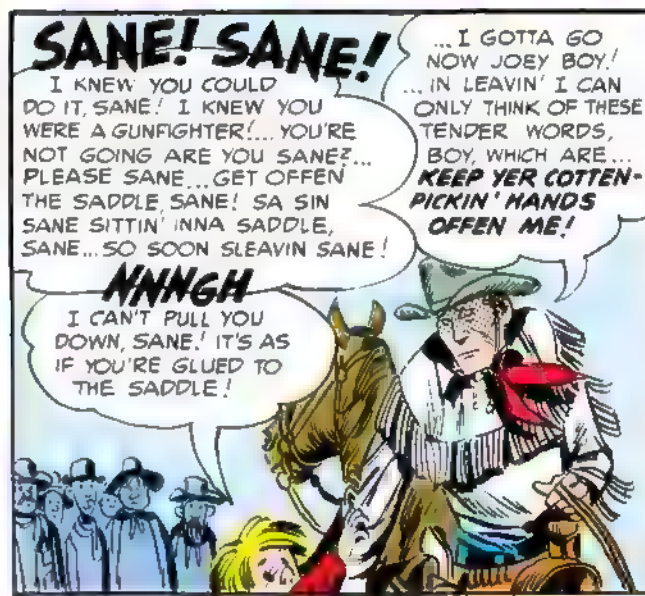
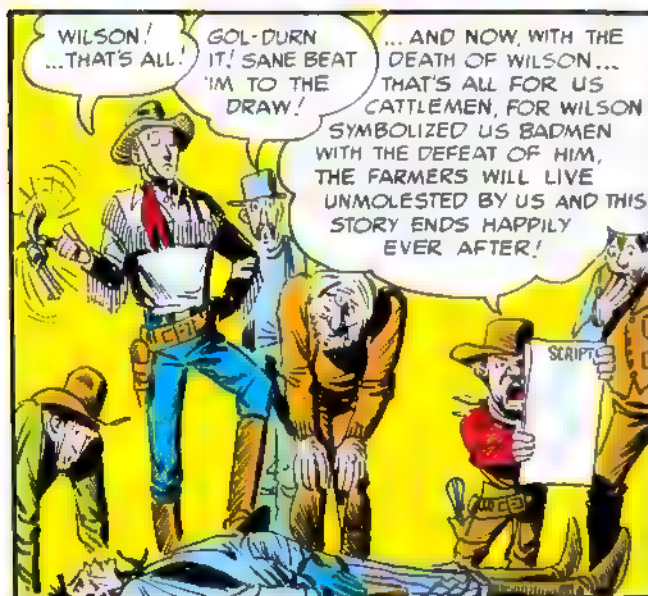














**CLOAK AND DAGGER DEPT.:** And now, chapter **THIRTY-FIVE** in the fantastic adventures of **SECRET UNDER-MANHOLE-COVER AGENT FIVE FINGERS JONES!**

As you remember Jones he was scrounging around the Gremlin disguised as a spy—or was he spying around the Gremlin disguised as a scrounge? Any how when we last left Jones, he was being approached by Floppova Movova, luscious blond spy queen of the secret police. At this point Jones left, and so, on to Chapter 35 of . . .

## OPERATION UNDER-THE-GROUND

Jones twitches his cardboard mustache at Floppova Movova. She hauls him into a bar and orders some vodka. Then he makes a big mistake. He tries to outdrink Floppova and the next minute what does he do? . . . You guessed it! . . . Floppova! Instantly, a BVD whizzes into view and drags Jones away for

drunken drinking. Floppova follows, trying in vain to tell the BVD's in short . . . (or shorts, however you prefer) that she was about to prove Jones a spy.

Jones is carted through the Gremlin gates into the office of . . . Lavrenti Buried, Chief of Police. Buried wears red flannel underwear to denote his high rank in the BVD's. The BVD's tell Buried about Jones's Floppova and Floppova's Jones!

"Take him to the torture chamber.", says Buried! "I haven't heard a human scream for a whole minute now." . . .

. . . Well, now! Will Buried and his BVD's subject Jones to some horrible torture? Will the next chapter reveal the escape of Jones from Buried of the BVDs? Or will Jones be Buried IN his BVDs?

Tune in next month at this same time for chapter 4, when we will introduce a new character called Mr. Ground who backs into an electric fan and has to go to the hospital. Yes—tune in to Chapter 4 of **OPERATION UNDER GROUND.**

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION, REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 238) of MAD published Monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1953.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Educational Comics Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y., Editor, Harvey Kurtzman, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y., Managing Editor, William M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Business manager, Frank D. Lee, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Educational Comics Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. Wm. M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. J. K. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. V. E. MacAdie, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) FRANK D. LEE, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1953.

Ettore De Stefano, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1954.)

[SEAL]





# YOU, TOO, CAN MEET NEW FRIENDS! JOIN THE **E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!**

SEND FOR YOUR MEMBERSHIP KIT TODAY. RECEIVE A FULL-COLOR 7½ X 10½ ILLUMINATED CERTIFICATE, A STURDY WALLET IDENTIFICATION CARD, A SNAZZY EMBROIDERED SHOULDER PATCH, AND A STUNNING ANTIQUE BRONZE-FINISH BAS-RELIEF PIN.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
FOR AN INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP, FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH 25¢. IF FIVE OR MORE OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN AUTHORIZED CHAPTER, ENCLOSE EACH MEMBER'S NAME AND ADDRESS ALONG WITH 25¢ FOR EACH NAME, AND INDICATE THE NAME OF THE ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT. WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS CHAPTER NUMBER. EACH MEMBER, CHAPTER OR INDIVIDUAL, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT DIRECTLY... BY RETURN MAIL?

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB  
ROOM 706  
225 LAFAYETTE STREET  
NEW YORK, 12, N.Y.

Here's my two bits! I want the things and stuff like the kid's wearing! I want to meet new-friends like the kid's meeting! I'm a fan-addict! I'm mad!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE NO. \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_



# MAD MUMBLINGS



Dear Editors,

I am shocked at the suggestion of some of your other readers that you put out a monthly *Mad*. Please! Pity my poor bank account -Clare Gottfried-Long Island, New York

Heh, heh, heh! No mercy for your money-belts from us! With this issue, *Mad* goes monthly.-ed.

... I have enjoyed many of your E.C. mags, but then along came *Mad* and wrecked my whole opinion of your company. I think all *Mad* comics should be burned and the ashes dropped into the ocean. It is a very silly, no-count book, but don't be injured too much because of my opinion. You see I work for your competitors.-Disgustingly yours-L.S./M.F.T.

... I don't understand why some people don't like *Mad*. I work at night and when I get home I want to read something restful to settle my nerves. Reading *Mad* is just like talking to my next door neighbors.-Hettie Chesney-Grave 3, Plot 35, Old Franklinton Cemetery, Columbus, Ohio-P.S. I would like to contact good, red-blooded American boys. Any living in the vicinity should drop down some evening. (Those with O type, RH negative are especially welcome.)

Meine lieben Herren

In eurem letztem magazine sie haben shvienhunt falsch geschrieben. Es ist nicht shvienhunt sondern schweinhund. Ich hoffe ihr schreibt es nicht mehr falsch in der Zukunft.-Manfred Waechter-Woodside, Long Island

... I am 10 years old, a Junior at MIT, and deem *Mad* to be the most gliesmuuk, the most raveningly iz-chaa, sroummp publication ever produced on Terra. I am an alert, amiable, personable, likeable, tidy, neat, orderly, courteous, clean-living, 100% green-blooded Venusian kid, and all I got to say is: Your old lady sucks chicken-guts!-Melvin Talipida-Woolworth, Tenn.

... Please tell me what in the world "Furshlugginer" means.-Larry E. Lenge E.M.F.N.-c/o F.P.O., New York, New York

It means the same as Petrzeble.-ed.

... **GRIBE DEPARTMENT:** I've got glubbins of the glubbins. I'm a casket case. I'm living in a *Mad* world! Wottamigoingtodo? Up until yesterday, I was a sweet, innocent, woolly lamb. I nibbled my own little patch of greens. I ventured not, I wanted not. But it all changed. Some character came into my Inner Sanctum and thrust an (ugh!) Comic Book on my heretofore unblemished

desk. (For the record: I don't read 'em!) I glared, I sneered, I was aloof. Then I made my first mistake: I picked it up. It was *Mad*! My second mistake followed my first: I read it. My third mistake followed the first two (and this one cost me money): I subscribed. Not only am I leaving myself open to MADness, but I'm wanting a shoulder patch for my strapless office suits. I'm a FAN-ADDICT!-Gwynne DeCoverly-Chicago, Illinois

... Finally your completely untalented and unoriginal rivals have come out with imitations of *Mad*. One of the largest comic houses came out with two *Mad* imitations, both monthly, with seven inside pages of paid ads to your one, although the mags have the same amount of pages. Another company came out with an equally sad imitation, in 3-D yet, at two-bits a throw. These are probably just the beginning of a long line of imitations yet to come. There oughta be a law!-Ed Spiegel-Troy, New York

... How about a biog on your color artist?-Roger Schenkman-Santa Monica, California

Marie Severin, our colorist, is one of the unsung heroines down here at E.C., and some day we intend to devote a page to describing her efforts. Let it suffice to say here that the talented Marie has been and is responsible for all the color you see in the whole line of E.C. publications, and you'll excuse us for being slightly prejudiced, but we think that our Marie is the best comic book colorist in the U.S.A.-ed.

Before going into the commercials... be advised there is a two page feature about E.C. Publisher and Managing Editor Bill Gaines in the first issue of a new "vest-pocket" size magazine called TOPS, dated March, 1954... and scheduled to hit the stands around the end of January. Feature includes Bill's picture... and a few panel reproductions from *Shock SuspenStories*. (Of considerably more interest is the center spread of many, many beautiful gals!)

Second issue of PANIC is on the stands! Good try! (Sub coupon on preceding page!) Fan-Addict Club membership about ten thousand at this writing. (Details on inside front cover!) Subscription to this rag... one buck for 8 issues! Address for comments, sub orders, etc. is:

Mad Editors  
Room 706, Dept. 10  
225 Lafayette St.  
N. Y. C. 12



POETRY DEPT.: THERE IS A FAMOUS POEM WHOSE NAME IS USED NO MORE!... YOU'VE HEARD OF IT BY TITLE IT REALLY NEVER WORE (... AND IF YOU HAVEN'T HEARD...WELL, KID, YOU JUST DON'T KNOW THE SCORE!)...AS TIME HAS PASSED, THE NEWER NAME HAS SUBSTITUTED FOR...THE FACE UPON THE BARROOM FLOOR FOR...

# THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR!

BY H. ANTOINE D'ARCY

'T WAS A BALMY SUMMER EVENING, and a goodly crowd was there,  
Which well-nigh filled Joe's barroom on the corner of the square,  
And as songs and witty stories came through the open door  
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.



"Where did it come from?" someone said: "The wind has blown it in."

"What does it want?" another cried. "Some whisky, rum or gin?"

"Here, Toby, seek him, if your stomach's equal to the work —

I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's filthy as a Turk."





This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical good grace;  
In fact, he smiled as though he thought hed struck the proper place. . .



"Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so good a crowd —  
To be in such good company would make a deacon proud.



"Give me a drink—that's what I want—I'm out of funds, you know;  
When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand was never slow.



"What? You laugh as though you thought this pocket never held a sou;  
I once was fixed as well, my boys, as anyone of you.

"There, thanks; that's braced me nicely; God bless you one and all;  
Next time I pass this good saloon, I'll make another call.



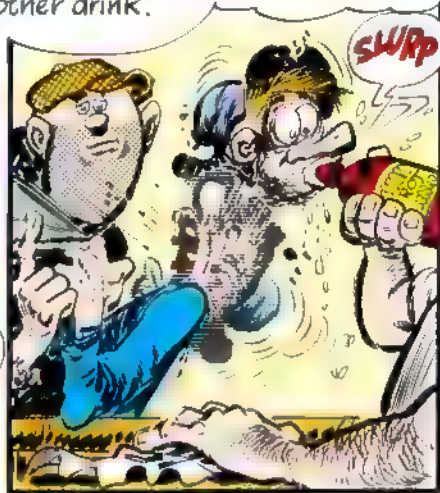
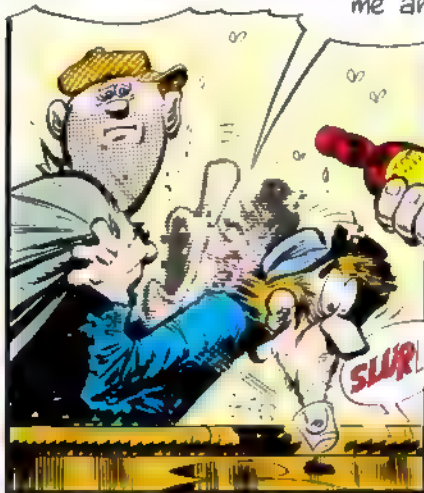
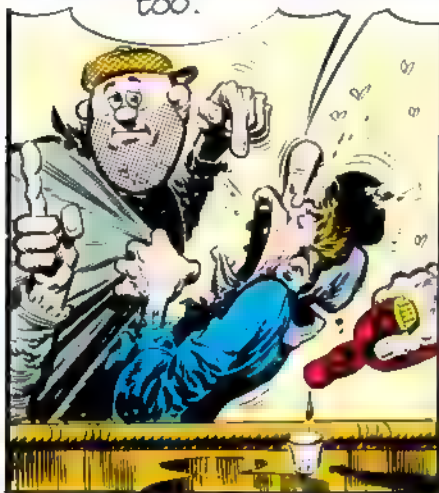
"Give you a song? No, I can't do that, my singing days are past;  
My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out, and my lungs are going fast.





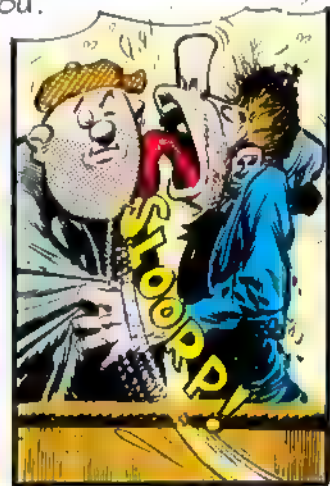
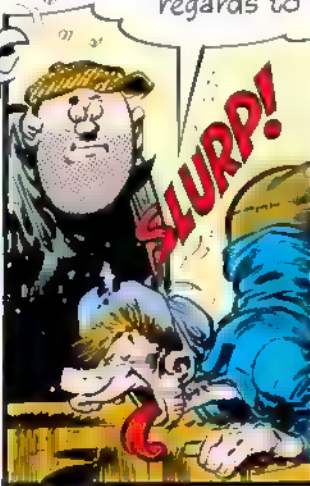
"Say! Give me another whisky, and I'll tell  
what I'll do —  
I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise  
too.

"That I was ever a decent man not one of you  
would think;  
But I was, some four or five years back. Say, give  
me another drink.



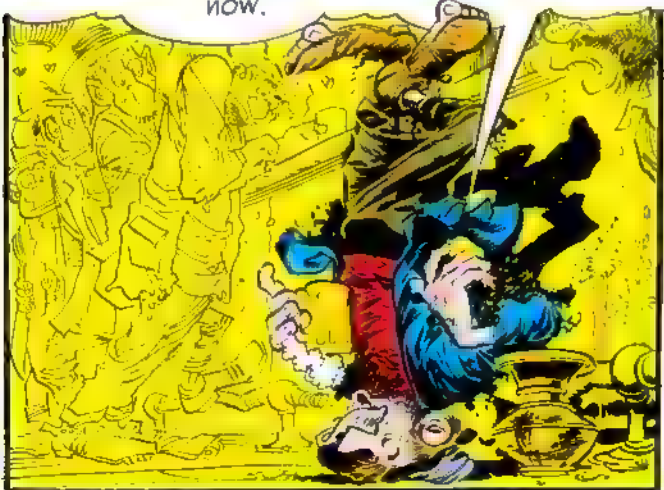
"Fill her up, Joe, I want to put some life into my  
frame —  
Such little drinks, to a bum like me, are miserably  
tame;

"Five fingers — there, that's the scheme — and  
corking whisky, too.  
Well, here's luck, boys; and, landlord, my best  
regards to you.



"You've treated me pretty kindly, and I'd like to  
tell you how  
I came to be the dirty sot you see before you  
now.

"As I told you, once I was a man, with muscle,  
frame and health,  
And, but for a blunder, ought to have made  
considerable wealth.

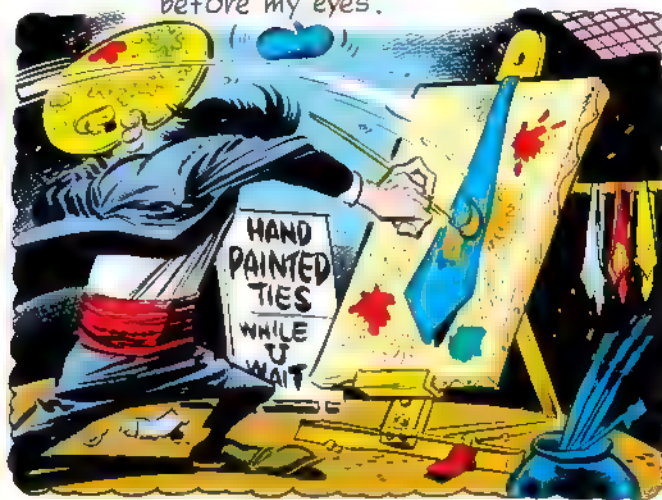




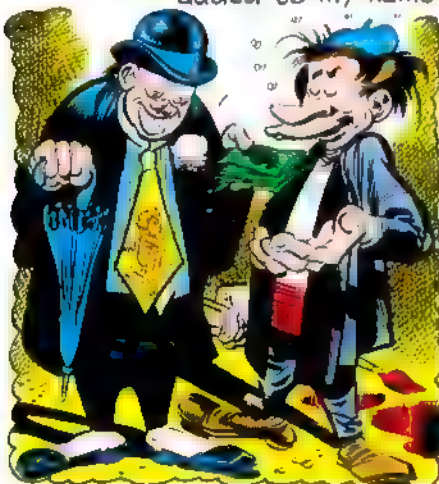
"I was a painter – not one that daubed on bricks  
and wood  
But an artist, and, for my age, was rated  
pretty good.



"I worked hard, at my canvas and was bidding  
fair to rise,  
For gradually I saw the star of fame  
before my eyes.



"I made a picture, perhaps you've seen, 'tis called  
the 'Chase of Fame,'  
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds and  
added to my name.



"And then I met a woman – now comes the  
funny part –  
With eyes that petrified my brain, and sunk  
into my heart.



"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond  
you see  
Could ever love a woman and expect her love  
for me;

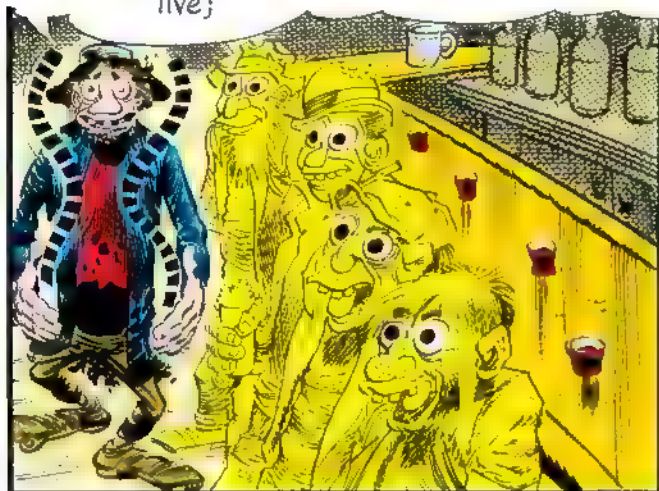


"But 'twas so, and for a month or two, her  
smiles were freely given,  
And when her loving lips touched mine it  
carried me to heaven.

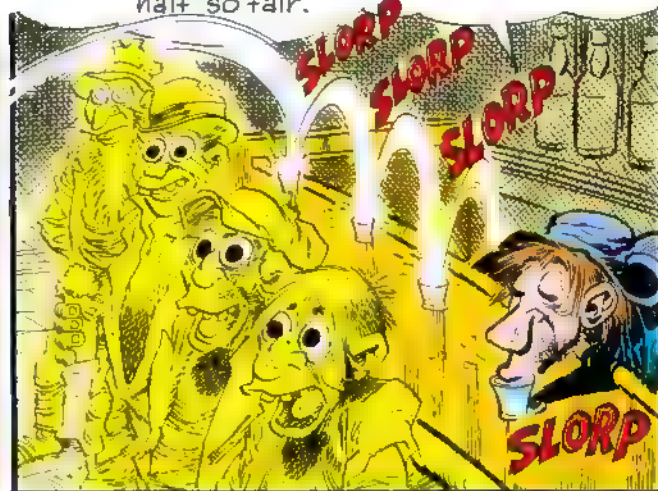




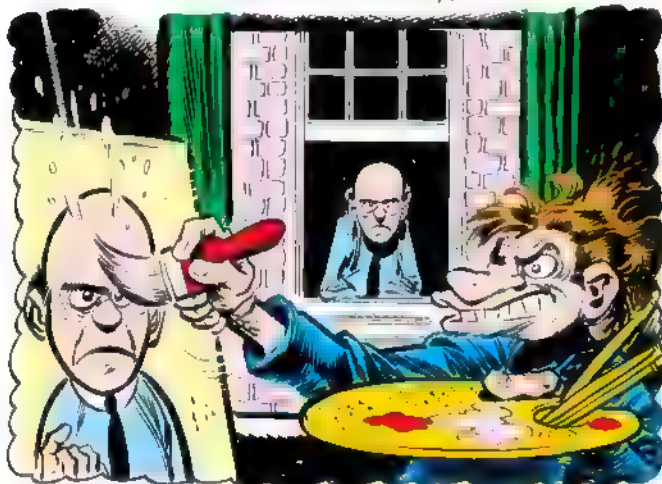
"Did ever you see a woman for whom your soul  
you'd give  
With a form like Milo Venus, too beautiful to  
live;



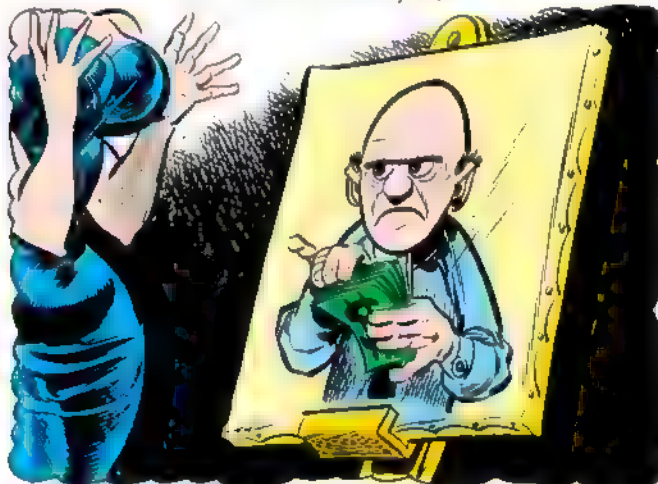
"With eyes that would beat the Koh-i-noor, and  
a wealth of chestnut hair?  
If so, 'twas she, for there never was another  
half so fair.



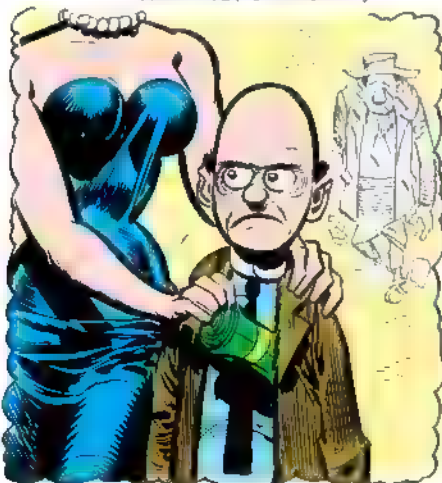
"I was working on a portrait, one afternoon  
in May,  
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine, who  
lived across the way,



"And Madeline admired it, and much to my  
surprise,  
Said that she'd like to know the man that  
had such dreamy eyes.



"It didn't take long to know him, and before  
the month had flown  
My friend had stolen my darling, and I  
was left alone;



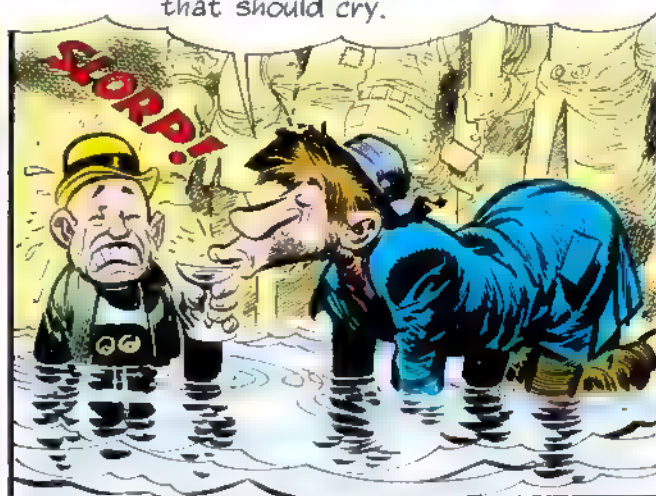
And, ere a year of misery had passed above  
my head,  
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished,  
and was dead.



"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile, I thought you'd be amused, and laughing all the while."



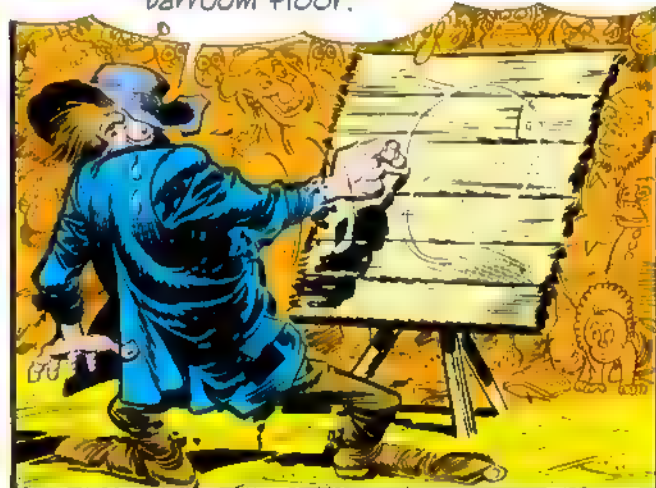
"Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a teardrop in your eye. Come, laugh like me; 'tis only babes and women that should cry."



"Say, boys, if you give me just another whisky, I'll be glad, And I'll draw right here a picture of the face that drove me mad."



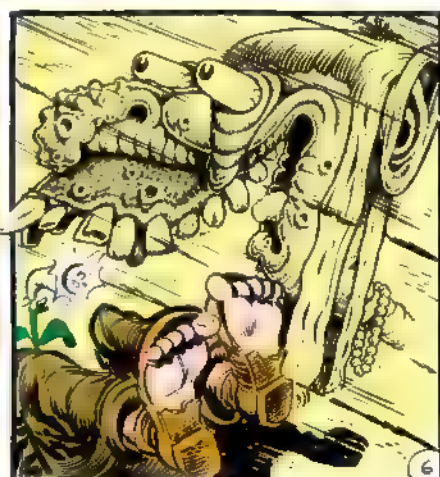
"Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the baseball score — You shall see the lovely Madeline upon the barroom floor."



Another drink, and with the chalk in hand, the vagabond began To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man.



Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head, With fearful shriek, he leaped and fell across the picture — dead.





BOYS, CAUSE *THIS* CHARACTER IN TIGHT-FITTING TIGHTS IS A *WOMAN*! AND WE CALL HER THE...

# WOMAN WONDER!

HEY! JOIN THE RUSH OR GET OUT OF THE WAY!... THE WOMAN WONDER IS IN TOWN!

RIGHT!... YOU HAVE HEARD OF THE WOMAN WONDER'S GREAT BEAUTY AND YOU ARE RUNNING INTO TOWN TO GET A GLIMPSE OF HER LOVELY PERSONAGE?

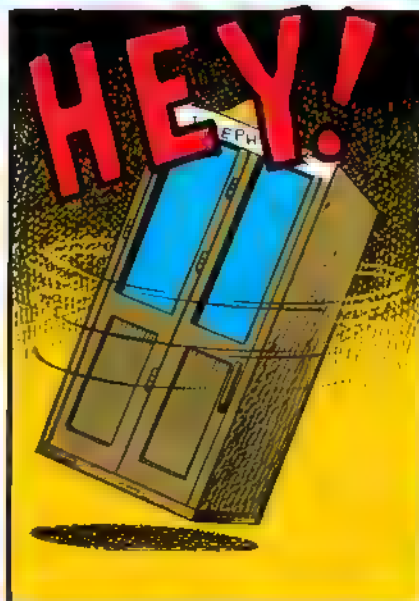
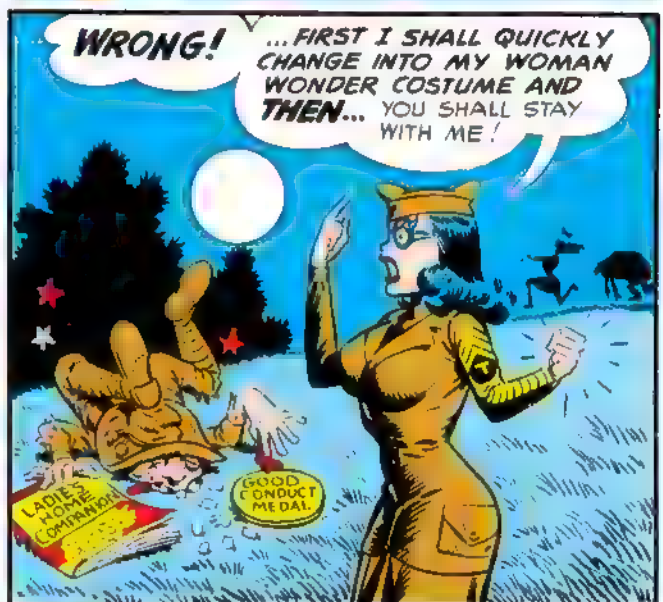
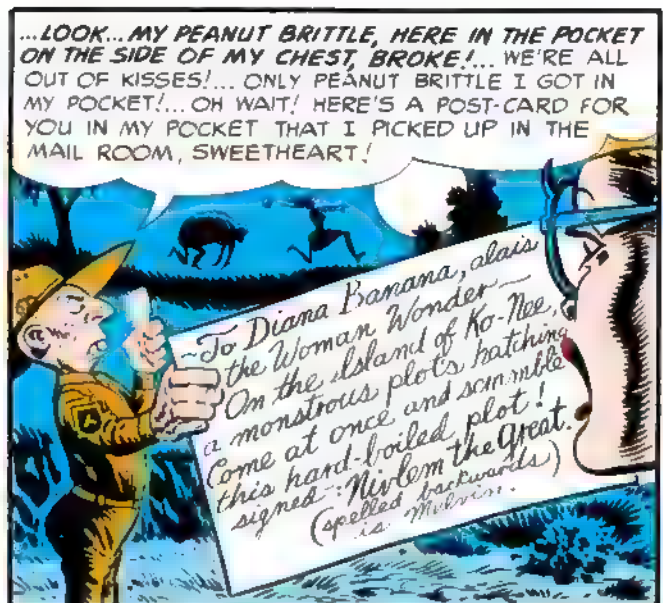
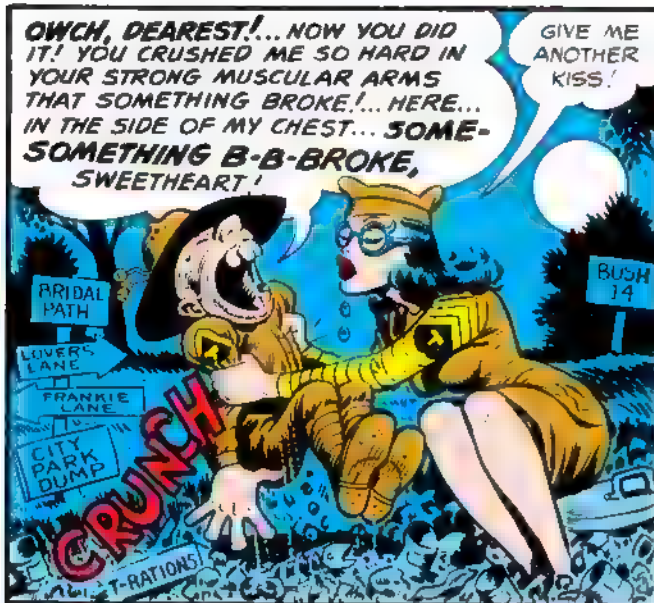
WRONG! WE HAVE HEARD OF THE WOMAN WONDER'S GREAT POWER AND WE ARE RUNNING OUT OF TOWN TO FIND A SAFER PLACE FOR US... LIKE SING-SING OR DEVIL'S ISLAND...

LLIB REDLE

**WRONG! WE HAVE  
HEARD OF THE WOMAN  
WONDER'S GREAT POWER  
AND WE ARE RUNNING OUT  
OF TOWN TO FIND A SAFER  
PLACE FOR US... LIKE SING-  
SING OR DEVIL'S ISLAND...**

LLIB  
REDLE

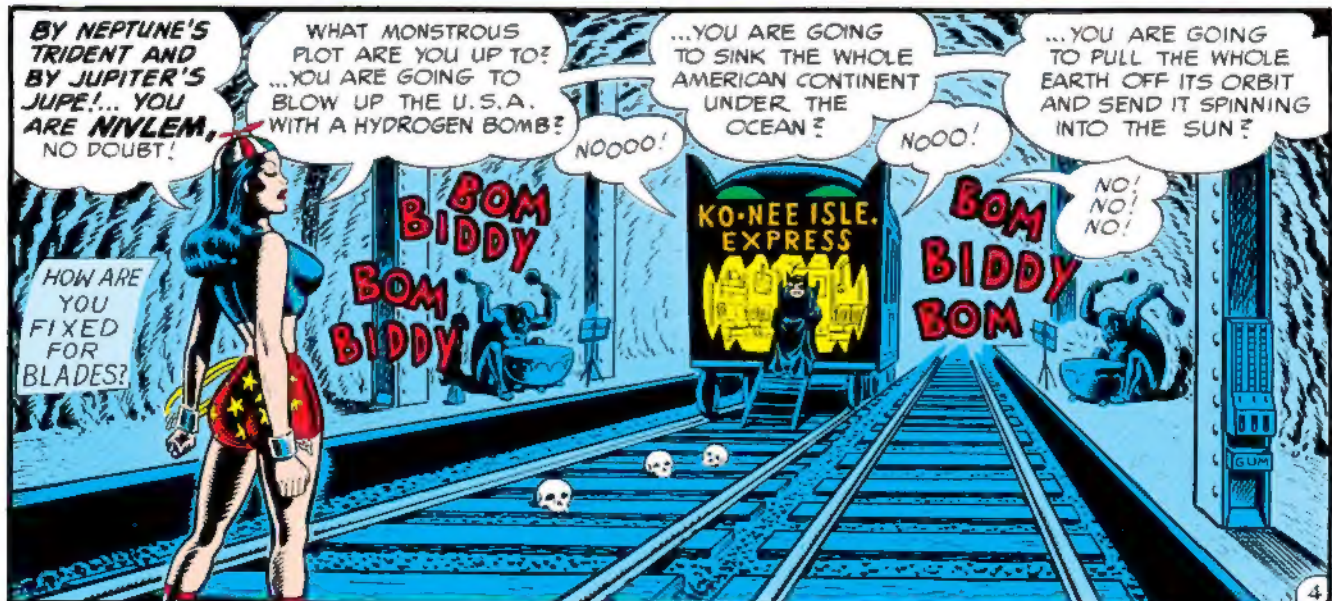
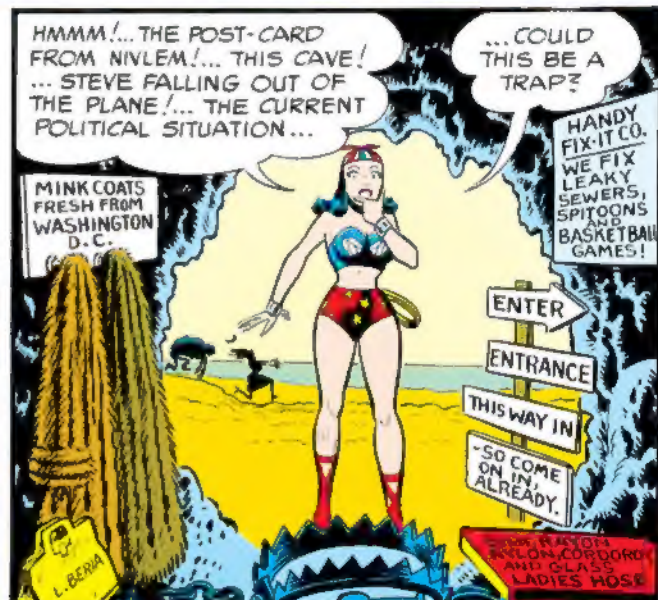
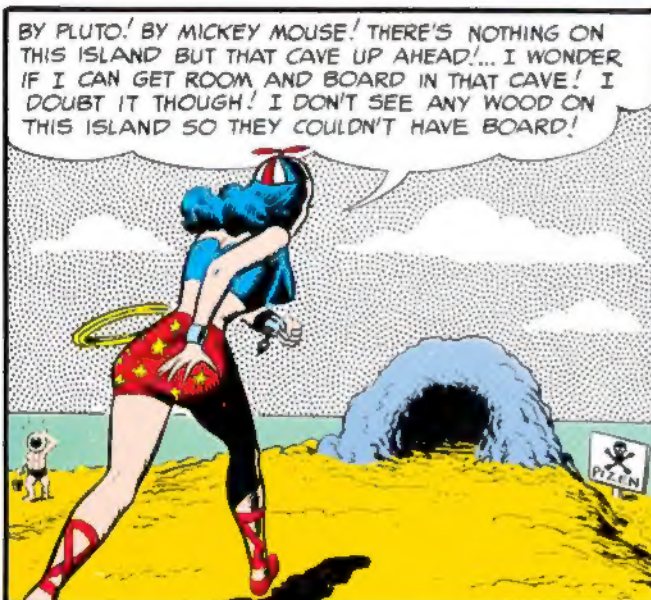




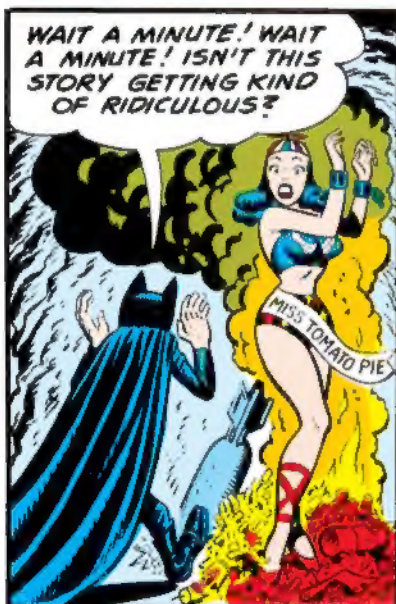
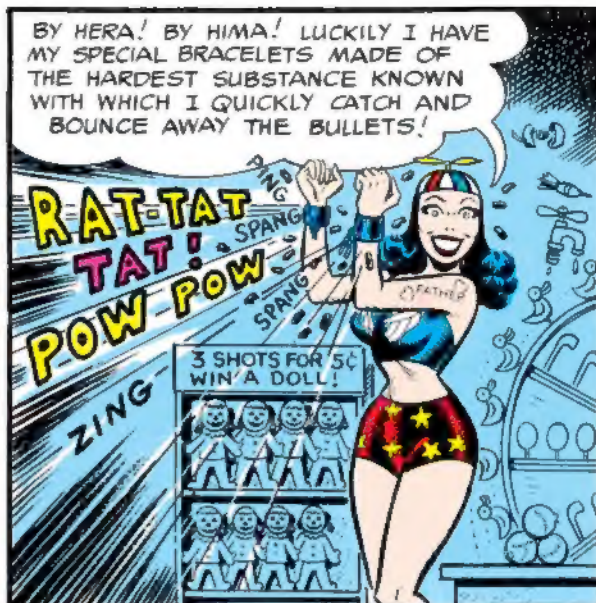






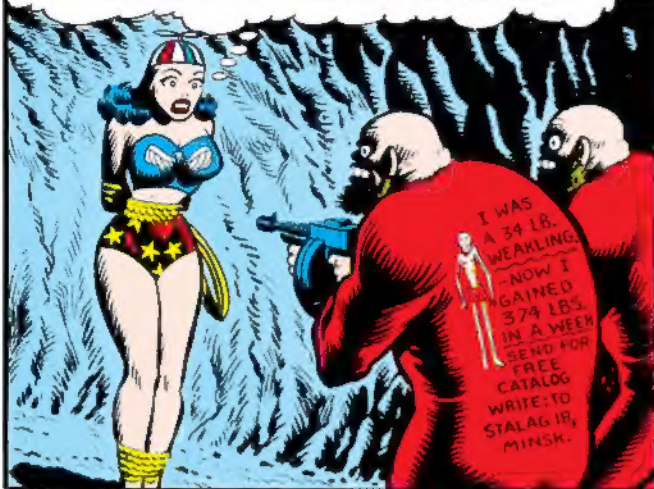








BY NEPTUNE'S WATER-WINGS! THEY'VE GOT ME TIED HAND AND FOOT! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT FOR ME TO DO!... BY QUIETLY VIBRATING MY MUSCLES I CAN SET UP PLENTY POWERFUL VIBRATIONS!



...VIBRATIONS THAT ARE GOOD FOR BREAKING ROPES... PARALYZING CROOKS... MASSAGING AND STIMULATING HAIR GROWTH ON THE SCALP... AND RELIEVING TIRED FEET!



YUH YUH! ONCE I SAW VIBRATIONS LIKE DAT IN MILLWAUKEE!

YUH YUH! ...DERE WUZ A GIRL IN DIS CARNIVAL SIDE SHOW...

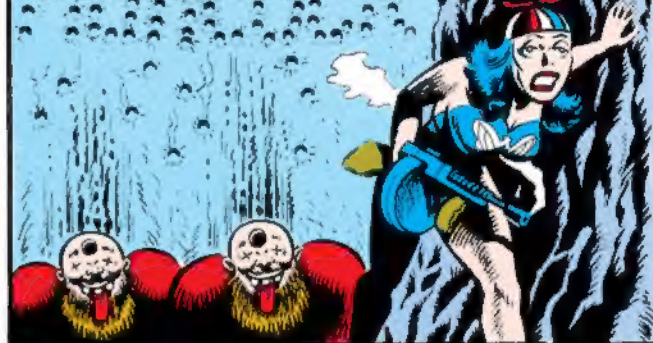
HAH! NOW THAT I'VE GOT THEM PARALYZED MOMENTARILLY, WHAT SHALL I DO TO GET THEM OUT OF THE WAY?... TIE THEM TILL THE POLICE COME?... SLIGHTLY KNOCK THEM UNCONSCIOUS TILL THE POLICE COME?



...AWW NUTS!

...I'LL PLAY SAFE AN' JUST KILL 'EM!

BY NEPTUNE'S BEACH UMBRELLA ...I AM MUCH WEAKENED BY BATTLE AND I HAVE YET TO CAPTURE NIVLEM!



BUT BY NEPTUNE'S SUN-TAN LOTION, I STILL HAVE MY LASSOO LEFT...MY POWERFUL MYSTIC PLATINUM LASSOO THAT MAKES ANYBODY WHO IS LASSOOED, PARALYZED... PROVIDED I ALSO DO VIBRATIONS WHILE LASSOOING!



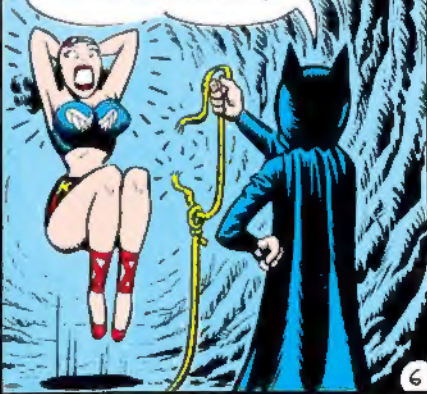
HAHAHA! YOU POOR FOOL! IT IS USELESS TO TRY AND STRUGGLE TO BREAK THROUGH MY POWERFUL MYSTIC PLATINUM LASSOO! **NOTHING** CAN BREAK THROUGH MY LASSOO UNLESS I SO WILL IT!



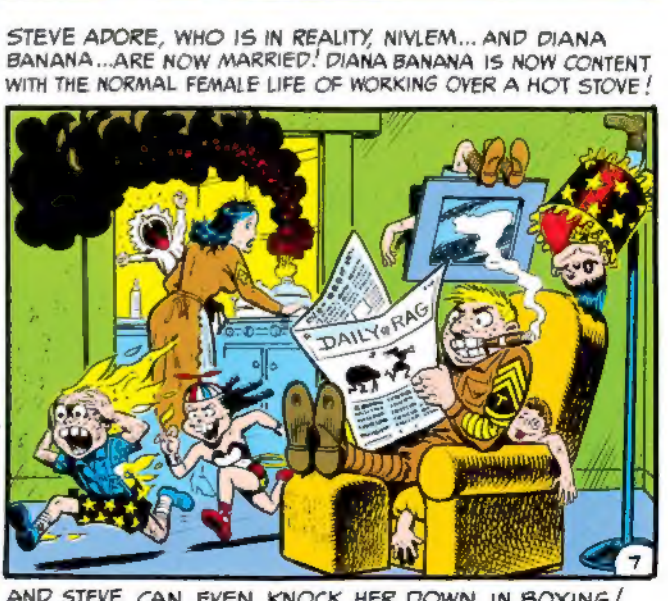
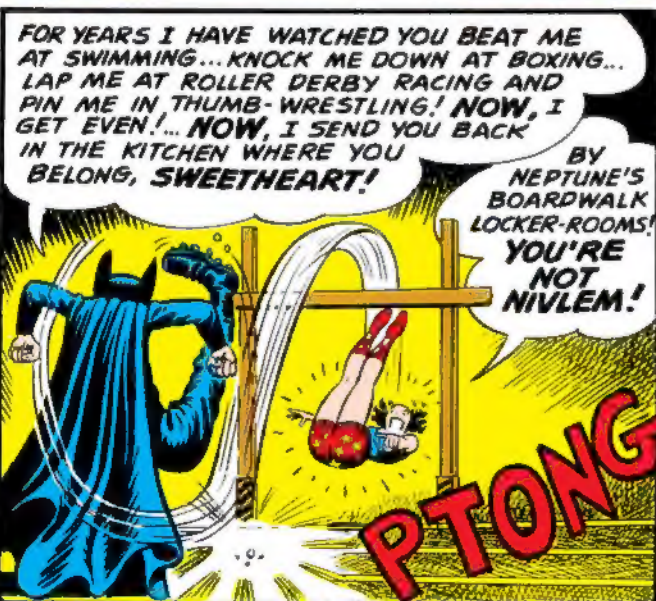
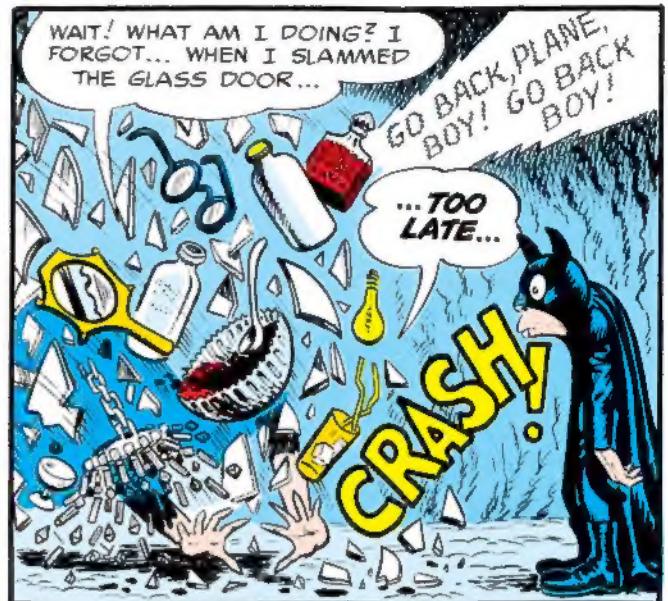
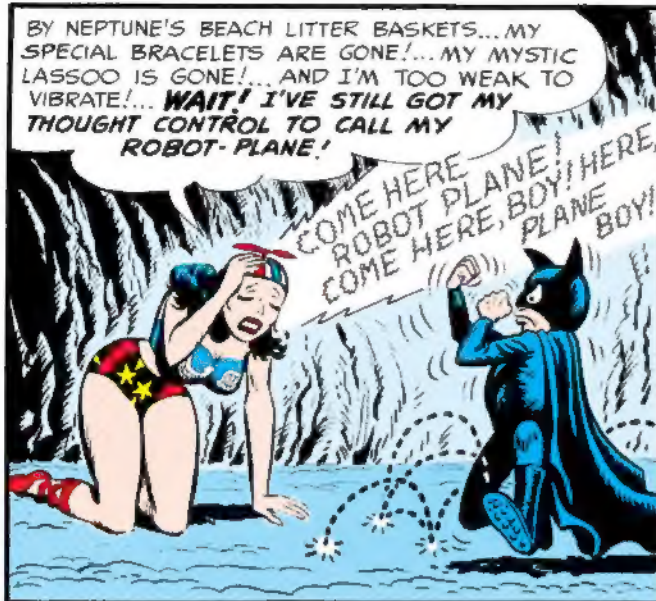
I GOT NEWS FOR YOU, KID!

KILROY WASN'T HERE YET!

WOMAN WONDER! I STOLE YOUR POWERFUL MYSTIC PLATINUM LASSOO A LONG TIME AGO AND HOCKED IT FOR PLENTY CASH TO BUY THIS CAVE SET-UP! THIS LASSOO IS A SICKLY REALISTIC PLASTIC LASSOO I SUBSTITUTED!







AND STEVE CAN EVEN KNOCK HER DOWN IN BOXING!